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No. 322.

## MARION AND HIS MEN.

By T. C. HARBAUGH.

Six and forty gallant riders,  
With Marion at their head;  
Six and thirty stalwart fellows  
By the patriot Sumpter led.  
Loudly they spur to saddle,  
When Heppner comes his lamp;  
And, with force that is resistless,  
Fall upon the British camp;

There they go, a troop of specters,  
Dreadful to see and to bane;  
Now they ride with flashing sabers  
Up the tortuous Pede,  
McElrath is in the saddle,  
Tarleton gives his steed the rein;  
Rawdon follows boldly after  
Marion's little band in vain!

Where the fox can find a cover,  
There the partisan can hide;  
And the camp is in the shade,  
Where the British dare not ride.  
From a victim that is tempting,  
He will stay not for a storm;  
And the good horse, like his master,  
Hates a scarlet uniform.

Ah! to-day the southern breezes  
From the greenwoods' darkening glades,  
Bear to me the tramp of horses,  
And the ring of trusty blades.  
There's a signal on yon hill-top,  
There's a voice in yon glen;  
Tis the word of gallant Marion;  
Crying "Forward!" to his men!

They have clothed in robes romantic  
Carolina's children; and we  
And we hear their footsteps' echo  
On the dusty stairs of time.  
They, with sabers drawn for freedom,  
Drove the lion to his den;  
Never-fading be the laurels  
Won by Marion and his men!

## Nick o' the Night: THE BOY SPY OF '76.

A CENTENNIAL STORY.

BY T. C. HARBAUGH.

CHAPTER I.

### THE CAPTURED DISPATCHES.

At a late hour one night in the month of April, 1781, three figures appeared suddenly, like specters, on the summit of an eminence that overlooked one of the fords of the beautiful Edisto in South Carolina.

They consisted of a horse, his rider, and a dog.

Behind them rose the pale, placid moon, across whose disk dark and ragged clouds were gliding. Below, the glittering waters of Carolina's legendary river flowed oceanward with musical murmurs, and a night-songster, perched among the branches of a palmetto that grew at the river's edge, charmed the hour with his notes.

When the horse suddenly pricked up his ears at a sound that did not rouse his master, the dog looked up as if to say: "I, too, hear it," and then getting on his feet, for he had laid down for a rest, he looked sharply across the stream.

"What is it, Whig?" the rider asked, noticing the actions of the dog.

The speaker, who was riding slowly forward, held a pistol tightly clutched in his right hand, for he was in a lonely part of the Edisto country, and the moon was hidden by a cloud.

The time, the place, and the hour, suggested ghosts to the superstitious trooper.

All at once, as the orb of night, as if obeying a preconcerted signal, showered her light on the road, a stern command broke the stillness:



"What is it, Whig?" the rider asked, noticing the actions of the dog.

is the terror of our troops. I'm on his old stamping-grounds now, and this is a good hour for him to make his appearance. Yes, Jotham Nettleton, of the king's army, would like to meet him."

The speaker, who was riding slowly forward, held a pistol tightly clutched in his right hand, for he was in a lonely part of the Edisto country, and the moon was hidden by a cloud.

The time, the place, and the hour, suggested ghosts to the superstitious trooper.

All at once, as the orb of night, as if obeying a preconcerted signal, showered her light on the road, a stern command broke the stillness:

"Halt!"

The British dragoon started at the voice, and his steed, frightened as badly as his master, re-treated without command.

In the center of the road appeared the cause for the sudden change of scene.

There stood a magnificent horse, and the trooper saw the rider with rifle leveled at him.

Near the steed's front feet crouched a dog, ready, as it seemed, for a panther-like spring.

The Briton took in the figures at a single look, while the spell of fright was still upon him.

"Deliver up your papers!" said the same voice that commanded him to stand.

"My papers?" said the dragoon. "What do you suppose I am?"

"A courier to Dorchester!" was the reply, and I, sir, am Nick o' the Night—the very fellow you have been longing to meet. You have met me now, and, sir, your obliging disposition, and that, alone, will be the only thing that will take you on to Dorchester. Come, give your papers—the dispatches!"

The trooper cast a longing look at the eastern heavens.

"Darkness will not assist you," said the young partisan with triumph, "as the moon will shine for five minutes, at the end of which time I will have your dispatches, be you dead or alive! Bring them forth!"

Jotham Nettleton, of the king's horse, bit his lip, and thrust his left hand into his bosom.

"Shall I throw them to you?" he asked, drawing forth the precious packet.

"No; cast them on the ground."

The trooper obeyed with an oath.

"Get it, Whig!"

The crouching dog sprang forward, seized the packet with his shining teeth, and walked toward his master.

"Thank you," the youth said to the trooper, in a sarcastic tone. "I trust that our acquaintance will prove mutually agreeable. You may tell the commandant at Dorchester that Nick o' the Night will place the dispatches in the

Swamp Fox's hands. I do not want you, dragoon—what's your name?"

"Jotham Nettleton, curse your supreme impudence!" cried the trooper, irritated beyond endurance. "Mr. Nick o' the Night, we have not met for the last time! I'm going to turn hunter now, and I swear by yon fair moon that I will rid this State of your brigandish presence. You dare not carry on warfare in a Christian manner; but you must stop folks at night, and lead Marion's infernal vagabonds upon sleeping camps and unprotected settlements. The day of your triumph is drawing to a close, for the villainous deed which you have just done, has placed an inveterate foe on your track—Jotham Nettleton, of the Royal Horse, sir!"

—Jotham Nettleton, of the Royal Horse, sir!"

said the youth, after a short laugh that made the trooper grind his teeth with rage.

"But I must be off. Go on to Dorchester, Jotham Nettleton. I'll stand aside, and, like a gentleman, give you the path."

Thereupon the speaker drove into the edge of the road, and signed for the robbed dragoon to pass on.

Slowly Nettleton rode by.

He kept his eyes fixed on Nick o' the Night, until he had passed his shadow.

"We'll meet again!" he hissed over his left shoulder. "By all that is good, young bandit, I'll hunt you to the death!"

A laugh from the youth was the response,

and Nettleton turned in his saddle and shook his fist at the plunderer, until the moon was eclipsed by a cloud.

"I'll do it!" reiterated the dragoon. "I don't permit boys to rob me with impunity. By the crown of King George! he shall rue the hour in which he stopped Jotham Nettleton, and robbed him of his dispatches!"

As the dragon disappeared, the boy bent over and took the packet which the dog held up to him in his teeth.

Then he turned his horse's head and rode down the river bank.

After riding in a southerly direction for some time, he wheeled to the left and urged his horse down a well-defined road at a rapid gait.

By and by he reached the vicinity of a plantation, and soon rode up an avenue of oaks toward one of the co'oni mansions that have been the pride of the Carolinas.

This avenue was quite gloomy, but a light that glittered far ahead guided the young partisan, and he at length dismounted before the residence.

It was twelve o'clock, but his knock was received with promptness, and he recognized the man who opened the door, for he said "Good-night, colonel," and was admitted.

The horse and his canine companion remained in the court.

The man led the youth into a spacious and high-ceiled library, lighted by a rich English lamp.

There were several family portraits on the walls, and the resemblance that the man bore to them was remarkable.

"Well, Nicholas," said the man, turning upon the boy, in the mellow light of the lamp.

"What is up that you visit me at this hour?"

"I bring you a little packet that a British soldier gave me to-night," was the reply, and there was a merry twinkle in the speaker's dark eyes.

"Gave you, Nicholas?"

"Yes, at my command, and with my rifle at his breast! Sir, will you not see what it contains?"

The man took the captured packet and hastily broke the seal.

Nick o' the Night watched his hands, and his expression, as he read a paper which they unfolded.

"You intercepted an order that concerns you, Nicholas," the Carolinian said, with a smile. "Can you read?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, approaching the desk at which the man had seated himself.

"Mother taught me to read before she died."

Then the unfolded paper was placed in his hand, and he read what appeared to be the postscript to the main body of the captured packet:

"Lord Rawdon desires the capture or death of that troublesome youth called Nick o' the Night, who has infested the Ashley and Cooper rivers. He has frustrated many of our plans by his cunning and daring, and his lordship commands you to hunt him down. Marion would not be so formidable without him, and Sumter would remain ignorant of our plans. Attend to Lord Rawdon's wishes, and by fair means or foul, rid the district of its infernal pest!"

Appended to this communication were the initials of the British officer in command at Orangeburg. The paragraph was but a postscript to one of the lengthy dispatches in the body of the packet.

"They don't like Nick o' the Night," the young partisan said, as, with a smile on his lips, he looked up into the man's face. "By fair means or foul, I am to be dealt with now, and I want to tell you, Colonel Hayne, that I am not afraid of the whole British army in South Carolina!"

The boy's eyes flashed like sparks of fire as the last sentence fell from his lips, and with the final word he brought his clenched hands down with emphasis on the desk.

Colonel Hayne, the devoted patriot, gazed with pride upon him.

"Beware! Nicholas," he said in his careful voice. "Do nothing rash, now that you are outlawed by the generals of King George. Be firm, be cautious—a lion and a fox!"

"I will!" cried the boy; "this letter does not daunt me. The sword that I have drawn for freedom shall not be sheathed by the command of a merciless foe. Let them hunt me; let them set a price upon my head! I can ride where no British trooper dare follow; my hiding-places are legion, and so long as I am Nick o' the Night, I will fling scorn and defiance at the royal cause!"

### CHAPTER II.

#### SECRETS OVERHEARD.

"You cannot hate the king's cause more bitterly than I do," said Colonel Hayne, after a pause. "The enemies of American freedom are my enemies, her defenders my dearest friends. But I am on parole, and until certain, not unforeseen events occur, I cannot take up arms against the king."

Nick o' the Night gave the patriot an inquisitive look.

"Those events I may not mention now," Hayne continued, answering the look, and then suddenly asked:

"Nicholas, whither are you going before dawn?"

"I hope to see the Swamp Fox before day-light," was the reply.

"Francis Marion! God bless the little Huguenot," exclaimed Hayne. "With such men as he our cause would never languish. An hundred times has he proved himself a destroying thunderbolt to the royal foe, and his sword will not find its sheath till we are free."

"True as gospel, colonel!" cried Nick o' the Night, with eyes brimful of patriotic enthusiasm. "Old South Carolina shall be proud of her sons who fought King George. When the war is over, we will sit under the starry flag and talk of our victories."

The smile that wreathed Isaac Hayne's lips was quickly driven off by a thoughtful expression.

When the war was over

Alas! he might never see that day, for England in the end might triumph.

Already the shadow of a gallows was stretching toward his path. The day of his doom was not far distant.

"That glorious day is coming, colonel," exclaimed the little partisan, "and may we live to hail it with cheers of exultation. But I must ride away. Those dispatches, not very important, but the fruits of a little victory, must be placed in Marion's hands. I shall find him in his canebrake camp, near the banks of the Ashley."

"Bear to him the best respects of Isaac Hayne," said the patriot, taking the boy's hand. "Greene has re-entered the State, and I look for better times than we have had. Be on your guard, Nicholas; do not forget that Rawdon has outlawed you. The purport of the courier's message will reach Dorchester in the course of time; then they will try to run you to earth."

"Let them try it!" the youth said, defiantly, and released by the Carolinian, he walked to the cut.

A minute later he was in the saddle and the black horse was galloping down the avenue of oaks.

Close at his heels followed Whig, the dog. Out from the avenue, into the road revealed by the setting moon, then across the country, rode Nick o' the Night.

Starlight presently ruled the heavens, and a brisk southern breeze elevated the rim of the boy's palmetto, and toyed wantonly with the long locks of raven hair that fell over his shoulders.

The ground over which he rode was pliant, and his steed's hoofs made no noise.

"Here I am!" he suddenly exclaimed, as a great dark mass of trees rose before him. "Hello, I trust that your dreams are sweet, and peaceful. I would not dissipate them for the world. It makes my blood flow backward to think that he who calls himself your father would make you love the king's cause; that he, not you, will choose your husband. He your father? No! Helen Latimer, he is no more your father than he is mine, and I know that mine fell before Tarleton's merciless sword at the Waxhaws."

Talking thus, in an indignant strain, the young partisan rode into a dark place, an avenue well-bordered by the magnolia, and this avenue led to a southern home where wealth and comfort dwelt.

"Lord Rawdon desires the capture or death of that troublesome youth called Nick o' the Night, who has infested the Ashley and Cooper rivers. He has frustrated many of our plans by his cunning and daring, and his lordship commands you to hunt him down. Marion would not be so formidable without him, and Sumter would remain ignorant of our plans. Attend to Lord Rawdon's wishes, and by fair means or foul, rid the district of its infernal pest!"

Then he turned his horse's head and rode down the river bank.

Blonde and brunette, their tastes were almost antagonistic; the elder, Bertha, the "dark-eyed witch of Azalea," as she was called, was in her nineteenth year, while over her sister's golden hair had passed but sixteen summers.

Hugh Latimer was proud—proud of his ancestry, proud of his children.

His word was law at Azalea, and the servants knew better to disregard his most foolish whim.

But more of this family anon.

It was toward Hugh Latimer's home that the young partisan

Not many yards from the entrance of the avenue Nick o' the Night drew to one side of the path, and moved his hand along the body of a venerable tree.

He appeared to be searching for something that seemed to elude his hand; but at last a low ejaculation of triumph parted his lips.

His hand suddenly disappeared in a hole, unseen in the gloom.

A moment later it was withdrawn, and the paper clutched by the fingers was quickly thrust beneath the partisan's coat.

The strange post-office had yielded a letter.

"Heaven bless you, Helen!" said Nicholas as his hand, emerging from the hidden pocket, moved toward the tree with a letter in its grasp.

But he did not deposit the message.

The sound of voices fell suddenly on his ears, and he became aware of approaching horsemen.

"Silence, Santee, and you, Whig, lie down!" he spoke to his companions, and thrusting the message back into the pocket, he quietly drew a pistol.

The sounds grew more distinct, and presently the words became intelligible.

"Holly will be here to-morrow night you say, Latimer?"

"Yes."

"In force?"

"Not very strong; twenty-five or thirty men will accompany him; but that will be sufficient."

"Is Azalea sufficiently large to quarter them?"

Hugh Latimer laughed.

"Why, I could quarter a company of dragoons at Azalea," was the reply. "In the secret compartments of the old house, three-score men can hide, and lynx-eyed enemies might search for them in vain. Wait till you have seen the mansion, captain."

"I am impatient, Latimer. We will not find your daughters up, I suppose?"

"Helen might be awake."

"Awaiting your return?"

"No."

A moment's pause followed Latimer's monosyllabic reply.

"The girl thinks she is in love," continued the wealthy loyalist in a sneering tone. "Stop, captain, I want to tell you something."

The next moment the twain halted in the avenue, directly in front of the young partisan, who heard distinctly every word of the foregoing conversation.

They were so near that he could have touched them with his outstretched sword.

"Your youngest daughter in love?" said Latimer's companion, after the half.

"So she thinks," was the reply. "Listen, Captain Clayton. One year ago, come the twenty-sixth day of this month, Helen was crossing the Ashley, which had been swollen by recent rains. She was in the old ford which was swifter and deeper than usual, and her horse, a colt which I had forbidden her to mount, became frightened by a musket shot on the northern bank. He started forward with a lunge that unseated the girl, and she found herself in the water. I suppose she would have been drowned, but for the timely, but assured aid that was at hand."

"The accused aid you say, Latimer?"

"Yes!" hissed the loyalist; "a certain person who saw her danger dashed from the cope, plunged into the river and drew her out."

"It was a good act, at any rate!" said Latimer's friend.

"You will not praise the actor when I shall have told you his name," said the Tory, with a light but bitter laugh.

"Then out with it. If you curse him, I will curse him, too."

"They call him Nick o' the Night!"

A singular silence followed.

It made the boy smile, and he fancied that he saw a look of consternation on the captain's face.

"Yes, I will curse the pest of this State!" said Latimer's companion, at last. "He must be hunted down, and here is one who would give his right hand for a blow at the miscreant's head with his British sword. Your daughter loves him, then?"

"Yes. She is a rebel at heart, and an active one, too. I am ashamed to say, captain, that there is treason in my household. Helen keeps up a correspondence with that dare-devil boy, and more than once I have seen a light in her window at twelve o'clock at night—a signal of some kind to him. More than this," continued the Tory, "I have discovered their post-office!"

"Ah! then you will doubtless intercept some tender missives."

"Believe me that I will," answered Latimer.

"Give me your hand, captain, and turn your head to the left—toward the dark trees beside us."

Nick o' the Night saw, but indistinctly, the twain turn toward him.

The next moment Hugh Latimer was moving his hand over the tree, in search of the novel "post-office."

"I've found it, but it is letterless," he suddenly cried. "Lift your hand, captain. I will guide it. There! your fingers are on the edge of their letter-box. Isn't this a pretty go?"

"Truly," answered the captain. "I never would have thought of looking there for a let-

"Nor I, but one of my slaves found the spot, more than once I have suspected that Helen sent an received letters from some secret place, but never dreamt that it was so near my house. But we'll catch the young scoundrel now. Some night when he comes hither for a letter, he'll run into a trap from which he cannot escape. Now let us ride on, and see if we can't find cheer at Azalea."

Nick o' the Night saw the figures recede from before him, and heard them, talking still, resume their ride toward the house.

"This is a night of fortune for me," he said, in a voice of satisfaction. "The trap which you will set for Nick o' the Night will never be sprung, my good Hugh Latimer. So you curse the hand that drew Helen from the waters! You must cut your cards very straight if the same hand does not smite you. Good-night, my loyal gentlemen, and Helen Latimer—good-night."

He did not deposit his message in the tree, but rode down the avenue, and out once more beneath the starlit skies.

Then Santee galloped away, and soon the first streaks of dawn, like long arrows, fell over the trio.

The horse did not check his speed until he entered the suburbs of a canebrake, where, over the narrow path and rough, he cautiously picked his way.

Nick o' the Night seemed to dismiss all fears with his arrival in the brake, for he began to imitate a bright plumed bird that was welling the cloudless moon.

On, on he rode, until the cane grew sparser, and at length his nickname fell from a score of lips.

He was among Marion's men.

"Just in time for breakfast," said a dapper little man, coming forward and tapping Nick o' the Night on the thigh, good naturally.

"I've got my last pot in the fire, but you shall taste it, if Congo doesn't burn it up."

The speaker smiled at his own words, and the young partisan dismounted.

He then stood side by side with the little Huguenot, whose deeds have made him immortal.

Francis Marion, the meteor of the Revolution! Nick o' the Night's shoulders were broader than Marion's, and though but sixteen, he was two inches taller than the Swamp Fox.

"Here are some dispatches that belong to Kingston at Dorchester," the boy said, as, with a meaning look, he handed the partisan chief the captured packet.

Marion took it with a smile.

"Any news?"

"Yes: Colonel Holly with twenty-five or thirty men will be at Azalea to-night."

"Colonel Holly, of the British army?"

"Yes, general."

"Marion and his men will be there, too!" was the reply of the chief, as he turned with eagerness to the reading of the dispatches.

### CHAPTER III.

MARION AND HIS MEN.—STAND!"

At the hi-torical period of which I write certain districts of the Palmetto State were the scenes of fierce, desultory warfare.

Cornwallis, having left a strong garrison in Charleston, had marched to Wilmington on his way to the Virginias.

Betrayed! Colonel Holly!" cried Bertha Latimer. "Who could have betrayed you?"

"You young thing!" was the reply, and the colonel's finger was directed quivering at Helen. "She is the traitress! I tell you there's no Latimer blood in her veins. Oh! I could tear her to pieces, and the sword that has been disgraced to-night!"

With the last word on his lips, Colonel Holly started toward the young girl. He was almost blinded by rage, and might have done her violence, had the inner door not been flung wide, and Captain Clayton leaped into the room.

"Would you strike a woman?" cried the captain, throwing himself before his superior officer, with his own sword half unsheathed

"Prove her a traitress before you punish. The men will not resist. The name of the man who has demanded the surrender appalls them. We must surrender."

At that moment a figure appeared on the threshold.

It was the figure of a little man whose dark eyes sparkled like coals of fire.

"Do you surrender, colonel?" he asked, quietly, singling Holly from the group in the parlor.

"My cowardly men force me into such disgrace," was the reply, and the maddened colonel flung his sword at Marion's feet.

The Swamp Fox only smiled.

"Order your men out," he said. "We must be off."

With the poorest grace imaginable, the captured colonel mustered his dragoons before the mansion, where they were disarmed and mounted on their own horses.

Then it was discovered that twenty-five men had surrendered to twelve!

"We touch nothing that is yours, Hugh Latimer," Marion said to the Tory, who, with his daughters and numerous frightened servants, stood on the porch. "We hate to deprive you of the society of your guests; but we must surrender."

The Swamp Fox stood near Helen as he spoke, and no one saw him slip a bit of paper into her hand.

The girl's blush did not betray her.

Hugh Latimer darted Marion a look of anger, and merely said:

"Your day is coming, sir. Hugh Latimer will yet see you swing on the gallows."

Marion's reply was a deri-ive laugh, which did not cease until he had tipped his hat to the sisters, and turned away.

The parting between Colonel Holly and the Tory was marked with no good feeling.

It was evident that the officer believed that a member of Latimer's household had betrayed him, and for such an able officer as he to be surprised and captured by Francis Marion was a severe wound to his English pride.

Gaily Captain Clayton rode away with the visitors; but not before he had wished the sisters pleasant dreams, and shaken hands with the crushed Tory.

The surprise was not quite complete, for several pickets remained uncaptured; but what were three dragoons to Marion when he had secured a full-fledged colonel of the British army?

The little hand so strangely augmented, soon disappeared, and Helen Latimer, pleased with Marion's success, hastened to her room, where, with eager eyes, she read the message which the partisan leader had slipped into her hand:

"DEAR HELEN.—Blame me with the surprise. I did not want Hugh Latimer to see me with the Swamp Fox. If you can, meet me at Latty's Magnolia at eleven to-night. I will be there." Nick."

"And so will I!" said the girl, as she finished the last sentence, and hid the message where no hands dare search for it.

The starlight was paling before the light of the rising moon, when Helen Latimer descended to the parlor, where she learned that her father, to calm his nerves, had taken an opiate and sought his couch.

Thus the outburst of passion which she expected had been postponed.

Her sister Bertha gave her a look tinctured with accusation, but did not charge her with complicity with Marion in the conversation that ensued between them.

By-and-by the moon appeared above the horizon, and the sisters separated, Bertha seeking her boudoir, and Helen remaining in the parlor on pretense of "reading herself to sleep."

She was alone, and did not see in her fertile imagination the dark horse that galloped toward the house.

A large dog followed at the horse's heels, and the pose of the figure in the saddle, the palmetto hat, and the long hair, proclaimed him Nick o' the Night.

She was alone, and did not see in her fertile imagination the dark horse that galloped toward the house.

Dawn a road not far from the one traveled by Marion and his men to the plantation, dashed a human figure through the moonlight.

"It's the walk to and from Lochwood."

"You are flattered."

"So I am."

"Will you tell me?"

"I can't. I'm under another sacred promise."

"Ah, Jerome, what has this lovely lady been saying to you, off there in the lone woods?"

I am afraid she has exercised some witchery over you, and crept into your heart unawares."

She had touched the key to my condition.

The heart she spoke about thumped like a hammer in my breast, and my cheeks burned hotly.

"Mother, I love her!" broke from my lips, in a hoarse, vehement whisper.

"Oh, my darling! what do I hear! Shake this off ere it be too late."

"Impossible, mother!"—and I spoke more at my ease, now that the confession was out.

"I love her; and I am thinking that if I cannot possess her I shall go stark mad."

"You are mad now! This infatuation will blight your whole after life."

"I care not. I say I love her."

But my mother's declaration was an incubus ever afterward in my mind.

"Good-night, darling; and may God defend you from the danger which your poor mother's heart dreads."

"Good-night—good-night, mother!"

I embraced her, kissing the dear, dear forehead. Then I resumed my seat as she withdrew.

The words were couched in tones of flenish triumph.

"I told you we would meet again, Mr.

brought the occupants of the parlor to their feet, and each looked consternation into the other's eyes.

Colonel Holly drew his sword and darted a look at the Tory.

"The accursed Marion!" he said.

"That is his bugle blast," was the reply that fell from Latimer's blanched lips.

"I'll rouse the men!" cried Captain Clayton, springing from Helen's side, and the next moment he had bounded from the room.

Hugh Latimer bit his lips with mingled rage and chagrin, while the British colonel looked accusingly at the younger daughter.

A second bugle blast caused him to spring toward the door, which he flung madly open, and looked out into the night.

"Does it take two bugle calls to rouse a British colonel?" said a voice from the starlight night.

"Marion will awake at the crawl of the captured packet."

"Curse Marion, if you are he!" said Holly, angrily.

"What do you want?"

"The immediate surrender of Colonel Holly and his twenty-five men," was the

I was fancying it might be Miss Christabel herself. But I was always, of late, forming ridiculous ideas.

"That's the mystery," said my mother. "Her name hasn't transpired yet."

"I wish I knew what it was."

"Oh, a trifle. It's news enough, at once, to hear that the gloomy mansion and weedy estate will be rendered so grand."

"When is this 'Lady of Lochwood' coming?"

"To-morrow noon, they say. Leastwise, the mansion must be ready by that time."

Despite myself, I was keenly curious to see this new-comer. Next day, from the minute I finished my breakfast, I began my vigil of the road. Hardly a rabbit could have skipped by without my seeing it.

Toward noon, I observed an open barouche approaching leisurely. Ah! it was The Lady of Lochwood at last.

There was a single occupant—a lady all muffled, from head to toe, in a mass of furs, with magnificent robes piled round her feet. A very small portion of the face, with the eyes, was visible.

Presently, the barouche was opposite our gate. The lady turned and gave me a glance—a glance that lasted but a second; then she was gone, and the barouche vanished in the lane that led to Lochwood.

But what had I seen? A pair of coal-black eyes flashing like the stars of Heaven! Only one person in the wide world had such eyes. It was she—my dream, my hope, my idol, Christabel!

"Christabel! Christabel!" I gasped, and staggered into the house like a drunken man, where I fell prone upon the floor.

Unfortunately, my mother, too, had been on the watch. She had seen and recognized the glorious eyes, and witnessed my overwhelming excitement. Burying her face in her apron, she sobbed hysterically.

"Jerome! Oh, my son! my darling! the old wicked spell is on you. You are bringing misery to our hearts."

"Oh, merciful Heaven!" I groaned, in agony of soul, "I cannot endure this. And she passes as if we were no more to each other than the blessed and accursed!"

"And who is the accursed?"

"I am—for I shall go mad!" and in my spasms I pounded the floor as if it were a demon beneath me.

"My poor, poor boy!" she wept. "Would that you had never seen this woman. Oh! how wretched I am!"

I could not offer her any consolation. I was racked with pain and despair, and could only lay there helplessly, groaning aloud, like one seized with delirium.

That I recovered at all is a marvel. But some hearts will bear a fearful strain, you know, and yet survive.

#### CHAPTER IV. MY NEW LIFE.

A GRAND personage, indeed, was this Lady of Lochwood, who, with all her wealth, and servants, and livery, was still, to me, Miss Christabel.

I saw her frequently—perhaps she saw me; but if she did, her glance was as if it fell upon some isolate by the way, that had no importance whatever.

She had her blooded span, with a coachman; her life was a revel of splendor, like the mansion in which she lived. I noticed that she had no acquaintances, nor seemed to want any. People watched her comings and goings as if she had been some superior being who tarried awhile to light the vicinity with the beautiful mystery of her presence, intending to vanish like a Peri on its sunny course toward Paradise.

The coal-black eyes were haunting my slumber—eating at my vitals, for all they were radiant as the day, like a nightmare of some thing that held death in a draught of pleasure.

We passed each other many times; but remembrance of my solemn promise sealed my lips, and I did not signify that I had met her ever before.

Imagine, if you can, the struggle within my breast, at being so near Miss Christabel—round those angelic person my mind had woven the magic redolence of Eden—without daring to speak to her, without one sign from her to sweeten the bitterness of my unhappy existence.

Endurance could not last much longer. There must be an end to my present condition; mayhap I would soon be fit for a cell in the mad-house.

It was verging on to New Year's day. The ground was covered with snow, and many a gay party from the city went by, with sleigh-bells jingling in the wintry wind.

"Does Mr. Harrison live here?"

A man stood at our door, with great coat tucked up to his ears, and fur cap pulled down to his nose. He held a white envelope in one hand, and half held it forward as he addressed my mother, who had answered his knock.

"Does Mr. Harrison live here?"

"Yes, sir. Do you wish to see him?"

"Oh, not particularly. Just give him this note, please."

"Yes, I'll hand it to him. Do you know who it's from?"

"The Lady of Lochwood," he replied, starting off.

I sprung from my chair with a loud cry, and if mother had not slammed the door shut, the man must have thought me a wild beast.

"G've it to me. It's from Miss Christabel," and as I shouted the words, I snatched the missive almost rudely from her.

To tear it open and read it, was the task of a moment. Then I flushed with dissatisfaction. It was not from my idol, but bore the signature of a firm of lawyers, and requested my immediate attendance at Lochwood.

"I hope you're not to have trouble through your former acquaintance with the strange lady," said my mother, distrustfully.

"Never fear. But what can the lawyers want of me?"

"I'm sure I can't see. Will you go?"

"Go? What a question!"

I would go through regions of peril, if there was a chance to be near my adored one.

I donned my best suit, and went straightway to Lochwood. The lawyers were waiting for me—two of them writing at a table in the library, and a third party stalking up and down impatiently.

And there was Miss Christabel, standing idly near the draping curtains, attired in a rich, embroidered wrapper, the ruffled neck of which was very high, concealing the throat completely. She was an exquisite, wonderful, tantalizing picture.

Beautiful, beautiful Christabel!

I was given no time for dreaming. The man who was walking to and fro addressed me—a very small man, with a weasel countenance.

"You are Mr. Jerome Harrison?"

"That is my name, sir."

"Uml Well," he snapped, "you are about

to take out of my hands the management of vast real estate; and I don't feel very friendly disposed toward you, on account of it—hear that?"

"Mr. James!" interrupted the strange lady, with an imperious gesture, "we will dispense with unpleasant remarks. Is your work done, gentlemen?" this last to those who were writing.

"Yes," said one, rising, pen in hand, "the paper now need nothing but your signature, and Mr. Harrison's."

"Give me the pen, then."

She advanced to the table, signed her name, and extended the pen to me.

"As wrote down the name of Jerome Harrison, I glanced at the autograph above:

"Christabel Carlton."

Carlyon! What had her family name to do with the cross which she had shown me in the vaults? and which she had said was "The Cross of Carlyon?"

"There is nothing further, I believe," said the snappish man.

"Nothing," and she dismissed the three with the grace of a queen.

We were alone. Great heavens! how can I describe the tumult within me, as her eyes turned and met mine? What should I say or do? My lips were glued, my frame trembled. Mercifully she relieved me.

"Mr. Harrison, you have kept your promise well. Continue the adherence to your vow, have faith in my doing, and your future may be truly a bright one."

I bowed humbly. "My future! Mercies! was she made of stone, that she could not, or would not, penetrate the condition of my heart and mind?

Her voice, though full of music, was cold as the murmur of the wind without.

"Do you know the nature of the paper you have signed?"

"No. I did not presume so far as to question, my faith in you is so unbound."

Perhaps I was mistaken, but I thought the compliment pleased her.

"You have been constituted sole manager of my estate—my steward, Mr. Harrison. Your salary will be \$200 per month. I desire that your mother shall assume control of my household matters, if agreeable to her. You will both reside permanently at Lochwood. When you have become settled here, I will give you some instructions in regard to various property; and we will look over the books, to see whether the late managers have rendered fair account. Come as soon as you like. But, of one thing be careful: not even the most privileged servants must be aware of our former meeting. That is all, to-day."

After she had left me, I examined the papers, doubting the fact of my good fortune. Yes, everything was as she said.

Carefully stowing the documents in my pocket, I hastened on my return home, to impart the amazing news to my mother.

"Alas, Jerome," said she, when I had told her all, "I fear the end of this will not be so happy. Truly, the prophecy of the gipsy is working its course. Oh! I beg of you, remember the warning. Do not place too much confidence in this strange lady, who, we know, is shrouded in mystery."

"Pshaw!" I cried, too elated to care for gipsies now. "We are on the road to good luck at last; and if I can't enjoy it without danger to myself or you, I greatly mistake my mortal strength, that's all."

We were soon installed at Lochwood. And thus was my new and eventful life opened to me, at the age of twenty-five.

My mother proved an efficient housekeeper, and though her duties seldom brought her in contact with Miss Christabel, she often received tokens of the latter's appreciation. The business of properties—much of which lay in Baltimore city—necessitated my holding frequent conversations with my benefactress.

And what of my passion? It lost none of its intensity, but was less fierce, now that I enjoyed the privilege of being near Miss Christabel, and could talk unrestrainedly with her. With the exception of her cold dignity, she was free enough with me, on general matters, and as she appeared more human and agreeable every day, much of the mysterious atmosphere surrounding her abated.

"Only a woman after all," I muttered. "A lovely creature—and yet she has no heart."

It was my custom to go the rounds of the house, every night, to see that the servants had performed their duty in making things secure before retiring. The door to the vaults was, usually, the last item of my inspection.

One night, as I neared this door, in the semi-darkness of the long hall, I thought I smelt damp air. This was strange. But stranger still, when I reached the massive door, was the sight I saw.

An object in snow-white gown, lying prone across the top step, and scarce discernible in the gloom.

Filled with apprehension, I struck a match; then I recoiled in amazement. There lay Miss Christabel, in a deathly swoon, her magnificent hair disheveled round her shoulders, and trailing the dusty steps. I saw a grayish mark around her throat, ere the match flickered out, which I took to be the gray cord of her ample robe.

But in the ensuing darkness, I forgot about the ring-mark, and stooped to raise the prostrate form. Lifting her tenderly in my arms, I carried her to a side room, where the chandelier yet burned, and sprinkled her pale face with water from a pitcher. She soon began to revive.

"Miss Christabel!" I breathed, close to her ear.

"The shadow will be seen when a cross of the blood enters the mansion," she murmured, without opening her eyes.

I was mystified.

"Miss Christabel?" I called again, a little louder.

The black eyes flashed wide open, bewilderedly at first, then assuming the habitual luster.

"Mr. Harrison!"

"It is I, Miss Christabel. Will you tell me what has happened?"

"You found me, then?"

"Yes—on the vault steps."

"Did any one else see?"

"I think not. But what was it?"

"Ah! take care—you are questioning me. I have been to the vaults; was frightened by my own shadow, perhaps."

She seemed suddenly to remember that her throat was exposed, and hastily adjusted the high *ruche* which she invariably wore—but before I had, for the second time, observed that grayish purple circle which was round the fair skin of her neck.

"Do not recur to this accident in the future, Mr. Harrison. I hardly need caution you not to speak of it—even to your mother. Be sure that you fasten the door leading to the vaults. And now leave me, please; I can return to my room alone."

Mystery revived! What was Miss Christabel doing in the vaults, at midnight? What

had startled her so terribly as to cause the swoon! I mumbled over her words a dozen times.

"The shadow will be seen when a cross of the blood enters the mansion."

I could deduce nothing satisfactory from my conjectures, and gave my brain to another problem: what meant that dark ring around her neck? I had heard of people who had been hanged, and who lived afterward, leaving a similar mark.

Three nights subsequent, as I was seeking my bedroom, I noticed a light glinting at the far end of the first floor entry. It was Miss Christabel. She emerged from the vault door, locking it after her, and tip-toed up stairs.

She did not perceive me, as I stood in the shadow of the window. Her features were like chiseled marble, the coal black eyes wide and startled, and she fled as if pursued by imaginary terrors.

I did not tell her I had seen her, and for a few days naught else of moment transpired.

Then came a strange night. The mansion was locked in slumber, and the moonbeams streaming in at the upper windows was all the light in the silent entries. I thought I heard a cry, but attributed it to the wind among the trees. No—there it was again; duly, but distinctly, as if from a considerable distance, and it was away exultingly.

"It was a cruel threat."

"But I knew he was capable of keeping it. The next day he brought me a letter from Robert. It contained these words: 'You have been deserted by me and your child, and so will never see either of us again.' Then I felt my brain reel as if I was really going mad. This blow gave me a brain fever and it was months before I could comprehend what had happened. When I recovered, another shock awaited me. I was told that Robert Armitage had been killed by the cars at one of the street-crossings. I would not believe it until they brought me the proofs of his death, which had been obtained by Mr. Jelliffe, my father's lawyer. This gave me a relapse of sickness, and when I once more arose from the bed, I was much like a walking statue than a living woman."

After that, stillness profound. There was no more sleep for me. I walked my room in nervous excitement. Had the ghosts of Loch wood risen at last?

Next day, three of the servants interviewed Miss Christabel about the cries, which they had heard while trembling in their beds. She had no satisfactory explanation to give them, and firmly believing the place to be haunted, they packed up and left.

"Mr. Harrison," she said to me, "this is a singular thing the servants are gossiping among themselves."

"Yes, Miss Christabel."

"Cries and wails, they say, as if from the walls around."

"I heard them also."

"You! And what opinion have you formed?"

For a second, I regarded her studiously; then said:

"I concluded that the sound came from the vaults."

"Ahl you did!"—suddenly. "Well?"

"As to what it was, I am not curious to investigate."

"But, do you believe Lochwood to be haunted?"

"I once declared that there were no such things as ghosts. I have not changed my conviction."

"Ugh!"—and there was a tremor in her accent—"those horrible vaults." We had better seal them up forever, Mr. Harrison; don't you agree with me?"

"I agree with you in everything."

The inner and outer doors to the vaults were next day closed and sealed. Our slumbers were never afterward disturbed by strange voices.

The servants were forbidden trespass beyond the seal, on pain of instant dismissal. The warning was unnecessary, as none was anxious to explore the goblin passage beneath the mansion.

Miss Christabel had urged the matter of the seals with much

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## Sunshine Papers.

## The Latest Styles.—Churchly.

HAL went to town a few weeks ago, and his description of what he heard, and the places he visited, would have brought smiles to the face of Ferguson, the renowned, impenetrable, unmoving grave guide of the "Innocents."

"I say," said he, one Saturday night, just after the parson had retired to his study to complete his "fourteenth" of the next day's sermon, "we're awfully behind the age up there, regarding the latest styles."

"Why, Hal," exclaimed a chorus of voices, in unanimous indignation, "we're wearing just the newest thing in polonaises, and our hats are the latest agony."

"Oh, of course; trust a parcel of women for keeping an eye on the prevailing fashions! But I mean we're behind the age in church styles. In the first place our church is a regular guy! Any one who looked at it would know it was a church, which isn't at all the thing. It ought to resemble a concert hall, a theater, a circus, a—oh! well, any place that is jolly nice and wicked."

"Oh!" emphasized in righteous reproof. "Why, you cannot say but that some town churches look like churches."

"Oh, yes; those that were built in the old-fashioned time still retain their old-time semblance—outwardly; but they're awfully new-fashioned and wicked-looking inside, all the same. Now, just keep still a minute, and I'll tell you what a new-style church is like, and what the programme of the entertainment is."

"The place is all roofs, and domes, and towers, and minarets, and emblems outside; with halls enough, and doors, and placards, to confound a philosopher as to which he is to enter and what he is to do. And there is a great deal of green baize and brass nails about the doors that must be very suggestive to any sinner that may get in there—by mistake. Once within, if you are thinking of church, you'll wonder whether you have been seduced, and feel so shocked at all the glitter and glare, and gauds, but do not make an idiot of yourself before the four or five thousand people. The gentlemen with bouquets upon their coats, rushing up and down and around the vast amphitheater, are ushers; and when your turn upon the line comes you will be shown to a seat; probably, not among the seats that correspond to orchestra-chairs, as they are filled and owned by the *elite* of the church, but in the parquette, (by which I mean under the gallery) unless you prefer to ascend to the first or second balcony (as good a name as any for the galleries.)

"Well, a seat provided, you commence to survey different parts of the gorgeous great building; the densely crowded semi-circular galleries, and the well-filled amphitheater below—for it is as fashionable to attend divine service in town, as to have gay churches and a popular clergyman; and that is why there is so much morality and piety in our large cities, I suppose! You will wish you had brought an opera-glass or a telescope with you, to get ideas concerning your next new bonnet from the advertisements of all 'high-toned' millinery

establishments there displayed, or to study science in connection with the starry blue-bellies stretching everywhere above you, in arches and domes innumerable. From these sky depths depend wondrous groups of lights, tier upon tier, combined and held together with golden crowns and blue ropes and a dazzling of porcelain and crystal, while under the galleries, everywhere, are branching crystals flaming with light; and the walls, at intervals, are rifted by arched panels of tiny-paned, brilliantly-colored glass.

"In front is a great wall of walnut and above it are pipes of silver, and gold, and bright blue, all fretted with gildings of scarlet and yellow and groups of shining stars. The center-piece is scores of smaller pipes in solid silvers, golds, reds, and blues, surmounted by motto in royal colors and ancient lettering, and that, again, by great stacks of shining trumpets—that will suggest fanfulness, pomposity, the day of judgment, or anything else—according to the bent of your imagination. Still higher, tower the spires of solemn, dark columns, the three center ones upholding stars of light.

"Walls, ornaments, windows, carpets, cushions, congregation—everywhere—is excess of gaudiness, costliness and style. And to obtain a fac simile likeness of any fashionable church you've only to mix this description a trifle, and combine the component parts a little differently. The elements are all here."

"But, Hal, how about the services?"

"Oh, yes! I must tell you how the performances are gotten through. Of course, all things are 'decent, and in order.' As soon as you have 'taken in' the 'get up' of the building you look at the stage. It is a very small, aristocratic, and exclusive-looking little affair; and upon the back of it is selfishly placed one chair, and a tiny table holding two or three small books. On one side is a costly work of art from a florist's, while a music-rack stands shadowy and ghost-like at the opposite corner. Just as you complete this survey a bell sounds, loudly—there is general excitement; the great organist is taking his place in front of the stage and the congregation are craning their necks, to see how drunk he is to-day!"

"Oh! I'm awfully wicked, Hal! What would the parson say?"

"My dear, he's quite incapable of suspecting that I am giving you literal descriptions of the *modus operandi* of a *bona fide*, orthodox church. But, if you've heard enough, I will not describe act second—where the popular clergyman touches the tip of his wet finger to the foreheads of several dozens of people, pronouncing over each the same sentence in a most lifeless and monotonous tone, that reminds one of a croupier, recording the indications of a roulette ball; nor how he greeted a levee in the White House; nor how he announced that the ex-Honorable Soandoa (of Credit Mobilier fame) was present, and would receive his friends at the right-hand side of the altar, and—but, girls, I've my Sunday-school lesson to study up; so I'll leave you, to arrange for undertaking to introduce the latest styles—churchly—to the notice of the parson's congregation."

Which we have not done yet.

A PARSON'S DAUGHTER.

"OLD DAN RACKBACK, the Great Extirminator," is a genius, whose whimsical speech, irrepressible humor, reckless daring and borderman's skill, make his sayings and acts a source of perpetual delight. In Oll Coomes' new serial (soon to come) the old fellow pursues his last trail and winds up a career that to readers of the SATURDAY JOURNAL has been a source of great enjoyment.

## RUINS

TRAVELERS from other portions of the world, who visit our country, though seeing much to admire, complain that we have no ruins. I would inform said travelers that we have any amount of ruins—not exactly like those of Melrose Abbey, because Yankee thrift don't like to have land lie idle. I don't think we have much to be proud of in the ruins I desire to mention, and that may be one reason why they are not mentioned in our guide-books, save in the great walking guide-books which serve to show pedestrians and car-travellers it is dangerous to travel on *that* road. Warnings to avoid and examples for none to follow!

Many a being is ruined by injudicious flattery, and because these same beings can write, act, paint or work well the lavish praise bestowed upon their efforts causes them to be over-confident as to their abilities, and they do not strive so hard to retain their popularity as they should. They do—or endeavor to do—*too much*, and a great deal in a careless, slip-shod style, until those who once praised them are now forced to confess that too much praise was injudicious, and that the objects of their adoration have turned out to be mere clay—that they have written, acted and painted themselves out. They have presumed on their popularity and have grown conceited and egotistical until they become disagreeable bores and very wretched ruins.

Others are ruined by kindness—mistaken kindness; allowed to have their own way too much, to do as they please, to believe that all they do is right, to have others praise all their good qualities and censure none of their bad ones, to lead them to suppose that the world will gloss over their shortcomings in the manner you do. Yet, when they come to have the struggle with the world, they find it made of mortal beings who are as good as they. Having always had their own way at home, and held sway over others, they find it an irksome task to obey others—find it hard work to govern their tempers, to serve where they were wont to command; and so they drift into shifities, restlessness, discontented and desolate specimens of ruins.

Clergymen in small country parishes are ruined by the parsimony and niggardliness of some of their parishioners who dole out the salary in such a miserly way, as though the clergyman did not earn his money and as if he was expected to live upon air. It is hard for him to consider how little his cause is appreciated, and his talents unheeded. Sometimes a clergyman may preach such a sermon as to cause the entire press to report the same, and often the country curate believes his sphere must lie in some great city and manages to get a call there. His sermons, though

containing good advice, do not "draw" the expected crowds, who admire sensation in the pulpit as well as on the stage, and he is forced to admit it is the preacher himself and his flowery sermons the people think more of than of Him whose cause he preaches. The ruin is not the preacher but the congregation.

Speculation has proved the ruin of thousands, acting like a whirlpool to drag all in that came within its reach. It seems like a mania that is hard to be resisted. It has made gamblers and thieves of once honest, respectable and respected men and women. If the master and mistress plunge into the vortex of speculation will not man and maid be likely to follow in their lead? Does speculation lead to success? Where one succeeds the ninety-nine fall, and these ninety-nine do not lose their own but other people's money. They borrow—steal would be a better word, even if it is not quite so pretty a one—thinking they will return the same when their luck changes and they make their fortune. The fortune does not come but the luck changes—if there is such a thing—yet it is for the worse, and they wake to the consciousness that they are ruined—ruined in pocket and what is far, far worse—ruined in character.

And there is still another agent of ruin stalking through our great country; one who numbers his army by hundreds of thousands, who sows in misery and reaps in crime, one who is pitiless, merciless and wicked, who heeds not the broken hearts of wives, mothers and sisters, who laughs at their tears and mocks at their grief, who fills the land with the widows and the fatherless, who leads the victim on, step by step, by persuading him that, at the end of the road, there is elysium, and then hurds him into the dreadful pit below after he has ruined him in body and soul.

EVE LAWLESS.

"Oll Coomes, in his new romance (soon to be given) makes Idaho Tom and his Brigade of Boy Rangers put in a reappearance—this time not in "Silverland," but on the Wyoming plains, where, accidentally encountering old Dakota Dan, they and that old hero have "high old times."

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

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Rangers put in a reappearance—this time not in "Silverland," but on the Wyoming plains, where,

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that old hero have "high old times."

In an elegant mansion near the Arlington

House in Washington city reside two ladies of the

olden aristocracy—Mrs. Freeman and her sister, Miss Coleman. About the latter lady little romance clings which makes her interesting.

She was the second and the affianced bride of the late President Buchanan, his first love having died in her youth, and until he met Miss Coleman he was almost a recluse from ladies' society. He was engaged to her when sent abroad as American Minister to the Court of St. James in London. At that time Miss Coleman resided in New York. He returned to this country on a visit, and on the evening he arrived Miss Coleman was giving a grand entertainment. He was fatigued, and instead of dressing and paying his respects to her immediately, retired to his room, and early next morning called to see her. She had taken offense at his not calling the evening before, and refused to see him, and they never met again.

What regrets were felt the world has never known, but many an angry impulse has wrecked the happiness of men and women beyond repair.

## Footscap Papers.

## The Prince in Ceylon.

(Special dispatch by *tourpath*.)

HUNTING THE FESTIVE ELEPHANT.

In Rome they do as the roan 'uns do; in India the prince does as the Hindoos.

One night when we came home from a grand banquet at Bombay, and the prince tried to unlock his door with a corkscrew, he said, "Whitney, I have seen Bombay and don't want to die just yet. I am now anxious to go to Ceylon."

"Go to see Lon who?" I asked.

"Why," said he, letting his foot slip out of the boot-jack and take him on the shin, "to the island of Ceylon to shoot elephants; they're willing to be happy; splendid game, they say, little hard to carry." He is a game boy, the prince.

So we arranged to go, and the next morning Wales settled his bill, and received injunctions from the officials there to be a good boy and mind his mother, and unfurled anchor for Ceylon. Arriving there, we went to the hunting-ground, where the prince, rifle in hand, tiptoed it along as if he expected to see an elephant jump up at any moment from behind a log; or looked up in the trees as if some of them might be seen hopping from branch to branch. At last we espied one a short distance off.

Wales cried to us to lie low while he fired; he was wildly excited. I told him not to shake so or he would shake the ball out of the gun. He drew a bead on the game—I might say he drew a good many on it from the way his gun wobbled—and pulled the trigger; there was no cap on. He put one on, took another aim or two, and snapped the cap, when it was found the gun was not loaded; this was remedied, while he remarked it was the first time he ever knew that elephants in a wild state didn't have a gold-spangled blanket and a war castle on their backs; then he fired. We ran to the prince expecting to see him severely killed, but he was not, and we assisted him on his feet again, and rubbed his shoulder, and gave him some brandy. He said that gun, instead of the elephant, ought to be shot, and wished that I would do it.

The ball went in some other direction without even grazing the elephant, but the elephant kept on grazing, as it was in no fears that Wales would disturb him, and never looked ed.

They told him that if the elephant stood any chance of growing larger in the world he had better wait and be more apt to hit it then. He said he thought there was a little philosophy mixed with a good deal of impudence in the suggestion, but he would get a little nearer and see what he could do, or what he couldn't do, and wanted me to be ready with a spear to transfix it as soon as it should fall, for he was bound to fasten it to his belt as a trophy, and would rather give up his chances to the throne than give up his chances to that elephant in this hour of easy victory.

I advised him to aim as near to it as he could and there would be less danger of a miss, and not to look back at us to see what we were doing when he pulled the trigger.

He fired again, and I asked him why he hesitated when he did so. He said the flash of a gun always hurt his eyes which were a little weak for a month, but that didn't matter much since he shot by ear just as well. Wales knitted his brows and the elephant browsed away.

I told him then to fill a shotgun up with shot and he couldn't help but hit it, a little, anyway.

The elephant had so much respect for royalty that it did not start to run away, and Wales, taking another rifle, unloaded it at eight o'clock, and was due in New York at noon on Friday. The news of the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815, was twenty-nine days reaching Philadelphia. Sixty years ago the regular mail time between New York and Albany was eight days. As late as 1824 the United States mail was thirty-two days in going from Portland to New Orleans.

The Chinese have trained cormorants to fish for them. The birds are tied to floats, and have collars around their necks to keep them from swallowing the fish they may catch. When the cormorant rises to the surface with a fish in its mouth, the fisherman catches the float with a hooked stick, draws the bird to him and secures its prey. The cormorant is made to work from eight to ten hours a day and is fed on small pieces of fish he catches. Sometimes he strikes for more wages of fewer working hours, but the yelling of his master frightens him to such an extent that he instantly resumes work.

We all scratched our heads, or our chins.

Finally Wales said, "I have no remarks to make. If anybody else present has any remarks to make about this affair he will now have an opportunity to do so and then perish on the spot."

Here was a position which required the bravest man in the world to get out of with honor and without discredit.

We looked at the prince.

The prince looked at us.

There was a very large silence.

The prince scratched his leg with his other foot.

We all scratched our heads, or our chins.

Finally Wales said, "I have no remarks to make. If anybody else present has any remarks to make about this affair he will now have an opportunity to do so and then perish on the spot."

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He all scratched our heads, or



ness and carelessness, "I do not know much of the affair, and I fancied my evidence was in regard to what I know of the prisoner's connection with the offense."

"Very good, sir; as you will. Tell it in your own way," said the alderman, crustily.

"Well, sir, I was driving home rapidly on Tuesday night with Miss Harley, intending to take her to her father's residence in Alleghany City, when on the bleakest and loneliest part of the road, leading around the brow of Mount Washington, I suddenly was assailed by two men, who dashed out from the roadside. In th distance, crouched by the roadside, I saw another man."

He paused. The prisoner started, and bent his gaze more fixedly than ever upon the witness.

"You saw another—well?"

"Yes, your honor, and at that moment I was hurled, half-stunned, from my carriage. When I turned around the horses had started off; and then I saw this third man at their head, and forcing them back from the precipice. I then thought that this was a gallant act, but I can not think so now."

He paused again for a moment; there was a deathlike silence.

"In a moment," resumed the witness, "the three men approached the carriage. Of course I was but a baby in their hands." Tom Worth started violently, and his face grew black. "I was thrown to the ground and bound securely, at the same time receiving a blow which rendered me senseless. When I opened my eyes in consciousness again, I saw a one-horse open wagon standing by my own team, which had been securely hitched by the roadside. I could nowhere see Miss Harley, and one of the men had disappeared. But, I did see two men mount hastily into the open wagon and drive off. And, your honor," and he fixed his eyes steadily on Tom Worth's face, "I solemnly swear that one of those men—he who drove—had every appearance that this man, the prisoner, has."

"My God!" groaned Tom Worth, and his head went down on his breast. "Tis false, false! your honor!"

"Yes, your honor, false as false can be!" thundered old Ben, again forgetting all restraint, or, indeed, caring nothing for it.

"Silence, old man! Another offense like this, and I'll put you under arrest!" said the alderman, very sternly.

"That will do, Mr. Somerville," he continued, making a gesture for that young gentleman to stand aside.

Then a loud murmur came up from the crowd, and their changed looks showed that however much their sympathies had been with the prisoner, they were certainly different now.

Old Ben Walford seemed bewildered, but when his gaze fell upon the face of his friend, the old man's cheeks and eyes would glow again with an unswerving friendship and devotion.

"EDWARD MARKLEY" called out the alderman, consulting the paper before him.

There was a slight stir in the crowd, and a short, stout, matter-of-fact, honest-looking, red-faced man stepped promptly forward, and stood before the alderman.

"That's my name, your honor," he said, as he placed his right hand composedly upon the Testament held out to him.

The requi et oath was soon administered. Every one pressed forward to hear what this witness had to say, for all knew him, and he was everywhere well known.

"What is your occupation?" asked the alderman.

"I am a toll-keeper on the Smithfield street bridge, sir," was the reply given, as if the speaker was proud of his place.

"Which end of the bridge?"

"The Birmingham side, sir," replied the man.

"Did you see Tom Worth on Tuesday night, the night of the abduction of Miss Harley on Mount Washington?"

"I did, your honor—twice."

Tom Worth started violently, and gazed hard at the witness, while the same black cloud, mentioned before, passed over his face.

But the toll-keeper was very calm, and evidently was speaking the truth; he flinched not at all before the lowering gaze of the prisoner.

"Twice?" asked the alderman.

"Twice, your honor."

Tom Worth turned suddenly, and an answer seemed about to spring to his lips; but he controlled himself, and retained a decorous silence.

"Tell me the occasion of your seeing him the first, and then the second time. But, first state whether or not you know the prisoner—know him well enough to swear to his identity."

"Lord bless your honor! Know him! Yes, indeed! and to tell the truth your honor, I never knew a better man, until this business transpired."

"That has nothing to do with the case. Do not volunteer or give any more opinions, unless asked."

"Beg pardon, your honor," said the witness, deferentially.

"Go on, Mr. Markley, and relate when you first saw the prisoner that Tuesday night," said the alderman.

"Yes, your honor. It was early in the evening—certainly not later than half-past seven o'clock. The prisoner there came across the bridge, and passed in the light of the gas lamp by my toll-office. I saw him distinctly."

"How was he dressed?" asked the alderman.

"In his mining suit, sir—his overcoat buttoned around him."

"Did you speak to him?"

"No, sir; I was engaged at the time, and Tom, coming from the city side, did not stop at all."

"Did you watch him?"

"No, your honor; I had no occasion; besides, my own business was enough for me to attend to."

"Was the prisoner alone?"

"Yes, your honor; I suppose so, though, at first, I thought he was in company with two other miners, who passed just ahead of him, coming likewise from the city side."

"Two others?"

"Yes, sir; miners too; I told them by their dress."

"Did you know these two?"

"I think not, and their faces were turned down the river, your honor; I could not see them."

The alderman pondered for a moment, and then asked:

"Well, the second time: when was it, and under what circumstances did you see the prisoner?"

"It was late in the evening, about half-past eight o'clock, I should judge. An open wagon drove rapidly down the Mount Washington road, and stopped on the bridge to pay toll. The wagon was an open country vehicle, drawn by one horse. In that wagon lay a dark

looking heap; what it was I don't know, but I do know that two men sat on the driving-board of the wagon, and that he who drove was Tom Worth!"

With a half-cry, the prisoner turned toward him, in a mute appeal! But, that witness was an honest fellow; he prided himself especially on that one characteristic, and he would not fly from his position, though a world were in arms against him.

As if in reply to the prisoner's look and appeal, he said, firmly:

"Yes, Tom, it was you and you know it, for I spoke to you, and asked you where you were going. You replied very roughly, something about your name being in everybody's mouth, and then drove on. To tell the truth, your honor," said the man, rather firmly, "this was so unlike Tom Worth, as I know him, that, though against my will, I took it for granted he was a little in liquor."

"That will do, Mr. Markley," said the alderman, slowly, after a long pause, during which an almost perfect silence was preserved in the crowded room.

And then ensued a low, continued buzz throughout the apartment, as the alderman, consulting several memorandums he had made during the progress of the testimony, seemed lost in thought.

Some five or ten minutes elapsed, and then, slowly straightening himself back in his chair, the alderman said, in a clear, distinct voice:

"I have heard all, prisoner, that thus far could be said in your favor, and all that up to this stage of proceedings could be said against you. I will not conceal it that the case looks black against you; yet, I know well of your uniform good standing and reputation, and I have already received from your employers letters showing their implicit confidence in you."

"God bless them!" murmured the prisoner, deeply.

"Nevertheless," continued the alderman, "as the case stands, and on the testimony elicited against you, I must commit, or release you on bail."

"And how much, your honor?" suddenly asked old Ben Walford, striding forward.

"Two thousand dollars," said the alderman, in a little reflection and deliberation.

"Oh, God! I haven't that much, your honor," exclaimed old Ben; "but, but, sir, I have one thousand! Take that, sir, and I'll go to jail in his place for the rest! Only don't send him, your honor; he's too young—he's too—"

"Enough, enough, my good man!" said the alderman, evidently moved, as was every one present, save Fairleigh Somerville; "I can not accept such bail, though—"

"Then you can accept mine, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Hayhurst, the overseer of the Black Diamond mine, in a clear voice, promptly stepping forward. "I am worth, sir, ten thousand dollars, good money; I'll go to Tom Worth's bail, even for the whole amount!"

A half-cheer followed this declaration.

"It will do, sir; I accept you as the prisoner's bail," said the alderman, as if he was truly glad bail had been found. As he was about to draw the papers toward him, Tom Worth, with a terrible burning in his eyes, exclaimed suddenly:

"No! no! your honor! I will not have it thus, though I am deeply grateful to my friends for their kindness, and you, your honor, for your leniency. But, I'll go to jail, and I'll stand my trial; and, at some future day, I'll unmask villainy! I am determined!"

No arguments could persuade the prisoner to alter his determination, though old Ben, in his frenzy and bewilderment, came near chasting him.

"Then you can accept mine, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Hayhurst, in a hollow voice. "She had a secret which she kept from me from the first day of her marriage. Two years and a half ago we were in Paris, and she had an illness there for which she could assign no cause. I know you speak of Mrs. Stanley!"

"Be patient. I pray you!" cried Wylie, warmly. "Think nothing, but wait for the end."

Stanley, with convulsed face, sprung from his seat and paced about the room.

Maiblume hid her face, weeping, and Verne kept his eyes fixed upon the carpet, in stern sorrow.

"You are talking of my wife," said Stanley, in a choked voice, as he paused before the artist with clenched hands.

Wylie hesitated, flushing scarlet.

"Wait, sir; don't be premature!" urged he; "you will only prejudice the case if you do."

"I know you are talking of my wife!" said Stanley, in a hollow voice. "She had a secret which she kept from me from the first day of her marriage. Two years and a half ago we were in Paris, and she had an illness there for which she could assign no cause. I know you speak of Mrs. Stanley!"

"Be patient. I pray you!" cried Wylie, warmly. "Think nothing, but wait for the end."

Stanley commenced on his heel, and grinding his teeth, commenced a weary march up and down the room.

"Upon reflection," continued Mr. Wylie, "the man resolved to forego vengeance, and make his victim pay for the self-sacrifice. He commenced a system of blackmailing which lasted until he sent him word, a year ago, that she had resolved to confess all to her husband. Miss De Vouse here reappears upon the scene. Discovering that her employer was in trouble, she wormed the whole secret out of him, and suggested a new course to be pursued. She proposed that she should be sent to the circus manager's agent to the home of the unfortunate lady, in order that she might maneuver matters so that the secret would still be kept from the husband and the bush-money still continue to be paid. She had her way, and a year ago, landed in New York, sent for their victim, found her wavering still between fear and duty—forced her to receive her as her honored guest—and burst upon society, the young Mademoiselle De Vouse, beauty and witch, nestling under the protecting wing of the unhappy, yet *guillotined*, Mrs. Stanley."

He paused, having uttered these words italicized with extraordinary energy—and they all stirred, as if moved by one spirit, and looked at one another with a low, deep gasp of intense relief.

Guiltless!

Oh, sweet dead, sorrow-slain, yet spotless; sleep on—thy sacred memory held pure as light!

As that deep breath passed away, Coila raised her wild face, rose, and stood before them, drooping, dejected.

"Now hear me," said she. "Let me take up the story here; let me expiate all and I shall go from your presence with one gleam of comfort to light my darkened path."

She looked from one loathing face to another; every eye avoided her. Oh, agony—the the admired, the beloved, to stand abhorred in their midst!

"I came—I saw madame—I loved her, Monsieur Goret, naturally proud of his skill, had in his possession a photograph of Mademoiselle Coila De Vouse before his magic brush had touched her, and another taken after the transformation. Both were admirably tinted, and did full justice to the subject, and, in fact, here they are, with the Frenchman's affidavit that they were taken from the same original."

He took from the same envelope which we once before saw in his hand, two photographs and placed them in Mr. Stanley's hand—Mr. Verne joining him hurriedly to look at them over his shoulder.

The first, marked "before treatment," represented a small, spare woman with an undeniably good outline, and small, graceful hands and feet, but with gaunt neck and arms, hollow cheeks, bloodless yellow complexion, dark shadows under the eyes, and thin, light-brown hair.

The other, marked "after treatment," represented the plump, beautiful Coila, whose graces we have admired so long—the innocent smile on her painted lips, and the infantile surprise in newly-fringed eyes.

Disimilar as these pictures were there was a nameless resemblance between them—a subtle identity which would reveal itself in spite of all the artist's genius—the same Coila looked at them from each *carte*.

Both gentlemen recoiled from the unhappy original, struck by the genuine Saxon disgust at imposture.

Maiblume, reddening to the roots of her hair, turned her back upon Coila.

Mr. Wylie went on with increasing spirit.

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Mr. Wylie went on with increasing spirit.

"Mr. Goret put me on the right track at last; he told me who his client was, occupation, family connections, etc., etc. She was attached to the Paris *cirque*, and on the playbills figured as the Beautiful Queen of the Air, Bebe Baron, alias Coila De Vouse, the daughter of the drunken host of a *brasserie*, in the Rue St. Martin. As I was anxious to give her full justice in her biography, I took the trouble to visit the manager of the troupe to which she had belonged, and, after some slight difficulty, which was adjusted by the aid of the almighty dollar, he conformed in me. He was a miserable fellow, a confirmed opium eater, his

business going to the dogs through his own incapacity, but he had once been a gentleman, though always a base and vicious one. He informed me that Bebe Baron had of late years been too many for him, and, being a very valuable star, he had been obliged to accede to her most preposterous demands—in fact, that she was mistress and more, and twirled him round her little finger. Her beauty had been wanning for some time, and her movements were not so flexible as they had been—in fact she was over thirty and worn out. Some two years and a half ago, the distressed manager had been plunged into further trouble by a circumstance connected with his past life starting up in the most unexpected manner. He met, face to face, one day in the street, a lady whom he had cruelly wronged in those days when he was a gentleman, and the sight of her, beautiful as ever, and passing him by without recognition, almost took away the little reason on which opium had left him. He followed her to her hotel, forced an interview, and almost killed her by the shock of seeing him. She had married another, was wealthy, and loved her husband. You may suppose how the sight of this dissipated, worthless wretch appalled her, possessed as he was of a fact in her history which she never had dared divulge to her husband."

Maiblume was the first to move; she hurried forward and stopped, looking earnestly at her father.

"Papa," said she, in a thrilling voice, "don't let us be cruel! Who is there among us who does not need forgiveness? Dare we deny it to her?"

The author started to his feet, generous pity obtaining the mastery over him. Stanley, too, was moved, and turned toward the suppliant, when Mr. Wylie stretched out his hand and leering satyr.

"Wait a moment, please; you have not heard all."

Coila De Vouse gave him one look of bitter hatred, and folding her arms, stood like a statue in the middle of the door, listening to the words which ruined her.

"Justices must be done to Mrs. Stanley's memory," said Mr. Wylie, waving his hand at Mr. Falcon; "the rest of the circumstances about the boy between them."

Mr. Falcon rose, removed his chair, opened the folding door a little way, and beckoned.

A man entered.

His skin was like parchment, his eye dull and sluggish, his bones stood out like those of a skeleton. A terrible man! He wore a suit of ill-fitting clothes, and leaned upon a stout staff—the very personification of

path against every pale-face who has lately come into the hills."

"You bring sad news, Miss, and yet I fear true tidings, as I know the bitterness of the Indians to those who would settle here; to-morrow night, you say, they will commence the attack?"

"Yes, sir."

"And Major Wells will not be up before day after to-morrow, hasten as he may, and I have but fourteen men with me," thoughtfully said the cavalryman.

"You have other troops coming, then, sir?" asked Ruth, anxiously.

"Yes, over a hundred troopers; I was merely an advance guard; here, Wentworth, hasten back with all dispatch and ask Major Wells to ride his horses down but what he reaches here to-morrow night," and the captain turned to a horseman who was half scout, half soldier, and a bold-looking fellow, who promptly replied:

"I'll fetch him, Captain Archer, if hoofs can make it!"

"Do so, Wentworth, and bring him to this point, do you hear?"

"Ay, ay, sir!" and away dashed the courier, at full speed.

"Now, young ladies, there is but one thing for me to do, and that is to go secretly into camp near here and await the attack upon the fort, and then endeavor to make the red-skins believe a large force of cavalry has come to the assistance of the settlers."

"Were the Indians to know that I had but my present force they would little fear me, so I beg that you keep my presence in the hills a secret, and in the time of need I will be on hand."

"My orders, Miss Ramsey, are to protect the Indians in the possession of their lands, and also to protect the lives of the settlers, though I drive them from the Black Hills."

"I will guide you to a safe place, sir, where you could conceal a hundred men," volunteered Pearl, and then she considerably added:

"It is getting dark now, and we should first see this lady home."

"True, Miss Ramsey, we will ride with you to within a short distance of your camp," replied the young officer, and the cavalcade at once moved off, Pearl guiding, and as they rode along the two maidens and the young soldier chatted pleasantly together.

At length the glimmer of lights in the stockade were visible, and the party halted, while Ruth, after bidding adieu to the captain, kissed her new-found friend and rode on alone.

Then, away dashed Pearl, side by side with the captain, and behind came the troopers riding in Indian file.

A gallop of two miles brought them to one of those gorges so common in the Black Hills, and into this Pearl led the way until they came to a small glen, fertile and well watered.

"Here you can rest secure, sir. If there is any change in the plans of the Indians I will come and let you know," said Pearl, and then she made known to the officer all that had transpired, and with which the reader is already acquainted.

In surprise and astonishment the young man listened to the maiden, and then said, kindly, taking her hand:

"The settlers have much to thank you for, Miss, I assure you, and it is noble of you to thus warn them of danger, at the risk of your life, for I feel that you are an inmate of the village of the Sioux to thus know their plans."

"This, I hope, will not be our last meeting, and in full sincerity I say, if in any way I can befriend you, command me. My name is Edward Archer, and I am a captain in the—the cavalry now on the prairie border."

Pearl made no reply, waved her hand pleasantly, and away bounded her steed on the return to the Indian village.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.

##### THE FAIRY GLEN.

WHEN Ruth Ramsey returned to the stockade she found the whole settlement about to turn out in search of her, and delighted at her return, for they had believed her lost, or captured by the Indians, as her father and brother had returned some time before, and reported that she had started home.

Father made known her startling adventure with Kansas King, her rescue by a strange pale-face maiden; but the coming of the cavalry she kept to herself, as the officer had requested her to do.

The settlers were all in a state of fermentation at the hostile position assumed by the Sioux, and the coming into the hills of Kansas King and his band, for Tom Sun had made known the adventure of Red Hand and the outlaws, and advised that the settlers should move over to the miners' fort until after the battle they knew must come with the Indians.

There were some who declared against this move, unwilling to leave off their gold-digging, and thus a war of words was progressing when suddenly Tom Sun appeared in their midst, and at once his report settled the matter.

Two hours after the stockade was deserted by one and all, and the men at once set off for the miners' camp, excepting those designated to go with the women and children into the Haunted Valley.

A mile from the stockade the party divided, with many tears, kind wishes, and tender farewells, and Tom Sun led his precious charge by the nearest route to the valley where Red-Hand awaited them.

An hour's tramp, and just as the east grew rosy with the approach of day they entered a narrow gorge, the western inlet to the valley.

Ahead of them Tom Sun suddenly despaired a tall, upright form, coming toward them.

It was Red-Hand, the Scout, but oh, how pale, hard and stern his face had grown in one night!

Yet he bowed pleasantly to the party, pressed lightly the hand Ruth extended to him, and said, simply:

"Come."

Leading the way through the beautiful yet strangely wild glen Red-Hand turned, after a walk of a third of a mile, into a thick piece of timber, through which ran an indistinct trail.

A still further walk through the woods, of two hundred yards, and before them arose the precipitous and lofty sides of the mountain, pierced by several narrow gorges, that appeared like lanes through the massive hills.

Into one of these chasms, for they were hardly anything more, Red-Hand walked, and soon it widened into a perfect bowl, with towering walls upon every side.

It was a fairy spot, and where one would love to dwell and dream away a lifetime, far away from the cares of the world.

And there, sheltered against the base of the lofty hill, was a neat little cabin home—a hermitage in the hills.

It was an humble abode, built of stout logs, and yet around it was an air of comfort, while the interior, consisting of two rooms, certainly looked cozy and most comfortable, for the furniture, though of rude manufacture, was useful, and around the walls were many articles of use and enjoyment, from rifles, knives and

pistols, to cooking utensils and a very fair selection of books.

"This was her home; from here to his grave is but a short distance, and her going there has marked a distinct trail."

"Tom, last night I made strange discoveries."

So softly said Red-Hand to his fellow scout, and then, turning to Captain Ramsey, he bade him keep his party in the gorge, and that Tom Sun would return, as soon as he had accompanied him to the mine's camp.

Promising to bring the anxious mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters, good news, Tom Sun set out with Red-Hand for the fort, which they knew, before many hours would be the scene of a terrible border battle, and that he had doubts as to a result in favor of the whites was evident, from Red-Hand's remark:

"Tom, if it comes to the worst, why, you can wait in the gorge until the Indians believe you escaped before the fight, and then make for the settlement with all haste."

"I will do all I can, comrade; but I hate to have you run the risk of a forlorn hope."

"Never mind me, old fellow! but if we do go under, why, red-skins' scalps will be a drug in the market," and Red Hand smiled, a sad smile, upon his stern, sorrowful face.

(To be continued—commenced in No. 215.)

#### RIVALS.

BY MARIE S. LADD.

He brought to her a rose, full red, And bound it in her dark-brown hair,

"I give it to you," to me he said.

"This panty pale, to keep or wear."

She challenges with ready wit And brilliant gleam of sparkling eye;

He answers her in phrases fit,

But, then, he does not pass me by.

Too long he lingered at my side,

Last night with kindly word and smile,

She watched with ire she could not hide;

And eager, flashing eye, the while.

"She waits," I said, half-mad with pain,

Then again, she waits in vain.

For I am happier far with you."

Upon my finger sly he pressed

A sparkling ring; replaced my glove,

And whispered, "There but let it rest,

Then shall I know I hold your love."

She waits, still, the cirlet bears;

I smile, though at her side he stands,

For when the dawn its purple wears

We shall be joined in wedded bands.

**Vials of Wrath:**

THE GRAVE BETWEEN THEM.

BY MRS. MARY REED CROWELL,  
AUTHOR OF "TWO GIRLS' LIVES," "LOVE-BLIND," "OATH-BOUND," "BARBARA'S FATE," ETC., ETC.

#### CHAPTER LVI.

AN EXPLANATION.

MRS. LEXINGTON's suspicion, that Ida's short

colloquy with the driver had been to instruct him to not lose sight of Havelstock, was cor

rect, and without a moment's loss of time, the coupe started off, a half-block's distance behind the unconscious walker.

Ida sat within, grim, silent, with her veil over her face, her hands tightly locked, her eyes

wearing a look of stormy fury in them.

"I'll see what it all means," she muttered to herself; "men are not in the habit of losing all the self-control and command simply at mention of a name whose bearer can have no personal interest in them. Even if she was his sweetheart before I knew him, there is no reason for Frank's queer conduct. There's a secret—and I'll know it! I'll track him to where I verily believe he is going, and I'll bring them face to face. I'll see her, after he has seen her, and under pretense of being so delighted to resume our acquaintance—I never met her but once!—I'll have her call on me. She'll never suppose when I speak of my husband—Mr. John Lexington—that he is Frank Havelstock. I'll shame her—I hate her, and I could kill her, I believe!"

The dainty wood-rose color had all died out of her cheeks, leaving her pale and wan; her eyes had great purple rings under them, but they glittered like stars under the edge of a thunder-cloud.

As the driver suddenly reined in his horse, Ida gave a little cry of excitement. Frank had stopped somewhere, then.

It was in a side street, of quiet, homely appearance, but entirely unfamiliar to Ida. She tapped on the window for the driver.

"Where did the gentleman go? what street is this?"

"This is 22d street, mum, and the gentle-

man went in just yonder—the house with the open door, and the silver door plate on."

Ida drew a long, sobbing breath. Frank had no friends or acquaintances here, she was sure. Had he gone in to see Ethel? If so, they must be as intimate as she feared, if he knew her address, and was privileged to call at such an early hour.

"Wait," she said, grimly, to the driver, and then settled herself in watchful uprightness to "wait."

It was a long half-hour, but Ida's ominous

gaze never wandered from Madam Dore's door; and when, at length, she was rewarded by seeing Frank depart, with a frowning scowl on his face, she could hardly repress a scream.

All unconscious of her espionage, Havelstock departed, leisurely, in the direction he had come; while Ida watched him, in bitter, inex-

pressible jealous hate.

It was not her policy to leave her position now. She knew her husband had entered the house, but as yet was not sure that Ethel was there. She believed such to be the case, but she was determined to settle the matter positively.

"I'll wait and watch all day before she shall slip through my fingers. If she don't pass out in a reasonable time, I will send the driver to inquire for her."

There was a terrible vindictiveness in her eyes, as she sat five, six, ten minutes—

And then, saw Ethel and Julie come out, pass the carriage she was in, and enter one at a lower corner.

Quick as thought she signaled the driver.

"I am ready. Follow that coupe, and tell

me when it stops."

It was Red-Hand, the Scout, but oh, how pale, hard and stern his face had grown in one night!

He bowed pleasantly to the party, pressed

lightly the hand Ruth extended to him, and said, simply:

"Come."

Leading the way through the beautiful yet

strangely wild glen Red-Hand turned, after

a walk of a third of a mile, into a thick piece

of timber, through which ran an indistinct

trail.

A still further walk through the woods,

of two hundred yards, and before them arose

the precipitous and lofty sides of the mountain,

pierced by several narrow gorges, that ap-

peared like lanes through the massive hills.

Into one of these chasms, for they were

hardly anything more, Red-Hand walked, and

soon it widened into a perfect bowl, with tow-

ering walls upon every side.

It was a fairy spot, and where one would

love to dwell and dream away a lifetime, far

away from the cares of the world.

And there, sheltered against the base of the

lofty hill, was a neat little cabin home—a her-

mitage in the hills.

It was an humble abode, built of stout logs,

and yet around it was an air of comfort, while

the interior, consisting of two rooms, certai-

nly looked cozy and most comfortable, for the

furniture, though of rude manufacture, was use-

ful, and around the walls were many articles

of use and enjoyment, from rifles, knives and

reached Ethel's side just as she turned to enter the hotel.

Ida's face was radiant now—with triumph.

"Miss Mary—is it possible?"

She extended her hand,

## A MODEL BOY.

BY JOE JOY, JR.

How very strange to sit and think,  
Amid life's cares and joys,  
That many of our greatest men  
Have once been little boys!  
A lad named Erastus Jones  
Was sent into my school,  
The world was all before him then—  
His father's cause behind.  
His habits had been early formed—  
You saw that this was plain;  
He always woke up with the sun,  
And went to sleep again!  
How poor he looked! How wretchedness was  
The very worst of crimes,  
And always came when he was called—  
Some six or seven times.  
His mind was quick on everything;  
His folks said this themselves.  
He knew the contents of his books—  
And jars of honey, also.  
You often heard it said of him  
That, as a general rule,  
He loved to hear the school-bell ring—  
The bell that closed the school.  
He knew of every benefit  
That studiousness imparts,  
So he devoured lots of books—  
And passed his time in arts.  
Such reverence did he show  
In studies, strange to tell,  
He often stayed in after school  
To get his lesson well.  
This boy was near to me  
When he was standing by;  
He was a model boy—  
And his hours spent on the sky  
And when his mother said that he  
Must on an errand go,  
He always started at the word—  
Though he came back more slow.  
He knew of all the lands that lie  
Between the distant poles;  
How many words and verbs—  
His elbows full of holes.  
He knew that Time was on the wing,  
And moments fly away,  
So most industriously put in  
Each hour he could in—play.  
He wrote the motto in his book  
That "Truth is man than gold,"  
And very nearly he believes  
What every thing he told.  
The vanity of all things vain  
So much did he despise  
That he would pass full many an hour  
In sticking pins in files.  
He was not stingy, but would share  
With other boys he knew  
And always gave his brother Jake  
Half of the chores to do.  
He knew the goal of life is won  
By earnest strides and leaps;  
That those who win must do and dare—  
And bunched in playing keeps.  
This boy grew up to be a man  
By force of nature, not art,  
Such industry as he possessed  
Must surely have reward:  
He came at length to be a man  
For whom this world has use:  
The hero of this tale to day  
Is mending boots and shoes.

## Cross and Crown.

BY JENNIE DAVIS BURTON.

"A GRIPPE! I would rather die."

A profound pity stirred Dr. Beresford's heart. It was hard that a woman whose whole life was bound up, apparently, in worldly ambition must forever bear a blemish that could cast forth the world's commiseration. He divined how her pride shrunk from the thought.

Dr. Longcombe, old, established and privileged, gave an audible sniff.

"Some women would be thankful to get off with only a trifle of lameness, Miss Carine. To have had your neck broken on your pretty face spoiled would have been a worse business, I assure you. Which is not saying that even this bagatelle is not out of all proportion to the value of the thing incurring it, but if you will rush into philanthropy you must take the consequences."

"I believe you are right," said Miss Dering, quite her cold and haughty self again. "The child was a girl, and I doubt if there was any kindness in having saved her for a future. I believe those heathens are in the right of it who destroy their female infants as soon as they are born. It disposes of the woman question in the only satisfactory manner it will ever be settled, I believe. I wish, doctor, if you chance across that little wif of humanity you would send her here to me. If I owe her a debt for having saved her life, I must find some way of paying it."

"I wouldn't know the creature from Adam."

"An odd compound, that Carine Dering," said the old doctor to his colleagues as they went down the stairs together. "You wouldn't think it now, but fifteen years ago she was the prettiest girl in the city. Now the Sphinx itself is not more harsh than she. Take the case in hand, Beresford, and make what you can out of it. You want no help from me."

Beresford was thinking less of his good fortune in having the influential patient turned over to him, than of Carine Dering's marble-like face, and of the cynical utterances he had heard from her lips. What was it had turned that well of human kindness, which he had the faith to believe existed in every heart, to the bitterness of gall? No one but a woman of genius could have held the place she had in society for the last fifteen years, a leader even where she was hated, envied, and it must be said criticized mercilessly. No one but a woman of noble impulses would have boldly risked life and limb to snatch a tattered remnant of the streets from almost certain destruction.

It had happened on Broadway, and Miss Dering had just descended from her own elegantly-appointed equipage when she saw the mite dash out from the crowd, dodging, twisting, writhing, making her way over the perilous crossing from the opposite side, escaping a dozen dangers to slip and fall, with the swift gleam of steel-shod hoofs bearing down upon her, and the driver, realizing that it was too late to check his impetuous steeds, leaned forward with teeth set, with a single cut of the whip urging them on, having less care for the ordinance which prohibits fast driving than the annoyance of a killed or wounded beggar thrust upon him. Miss Dering saw; she sprang forward with the swift, gliding motion of her own incomparable grace, caught the almost victim out of danger's way, but was herself swept from her feet, and the result—lamed for life!

The mite had simply taken to her heels and disappeared the instant she recovered those valuable aids to locomotion.

It was not the day of the consultation in Miss Dering's chamber, but many afterward, that her door opened and a small figure stood there, itself face wearing an awed and apprehensive look.

"What do you want, child?"

"Please'm," she said, "I was to give this to you."

The grimy little hand held out a note. She drew nearer and dropped it into Miss Dering's lap, watching her with the wary, hunted look of one who fears a trap. The lady glanced at it, then back at the bearer with a gleam of languid interest.

"So, you are the child who was so nearly run over that day! How did Dr. Beresford find you out?"

"Who?"  
The gentleman who sent you to me."

"Spectre he axed Patsey Green. He took me there anyhow, Patsey did. He's the newsboy down on the corner," volunteered the mite.

She writhed in her tattered, loose hanging clothes, keeping her suspicious eye upon the lady as she edged a step away nearer the door.

"I dunno what you want of me," she said. "He gimme a quarter to bring you to that, and I reckon I'll be goin' now."

"Wait. You are poor, that shows for it self. And yet I suppose you care enough about life to be glad that you were not killed that day."

"Glad!" The black eyes sparkled. "You bet!"

"Why? What had you worth living for?"

"Had dollar," triumphantly. "She was no answering enthusiasm in the lady's face, no sympathy for the rift of joy that dollar had let in on the forlorn existence. Instead—

"Where did you get it?"

"I—I found it," faltered the child. "A lady dropped it a-makin' change and never known."

"Don't you know that was stealing, and people who steal are punished? What did you do with it?"

The defiant face lit again.

"Got oranges and cakes and things at the peanut stand."

"And wasted the money after taking it," said Miss Dering, coldly. "There would be no use of my giving you more to spend in the same way."

"I wish now I'd ha' got tea and med'cine for mother," said the little creature, penitently. "She's sick, and don't want nothin' else."

Miss Dering's lip curled a little incredulously at mention of the sick mother—the old, stereotyped tale, she thought, and put out her hand to ring for her housekeeper. Her interest in the case was dying out, but the child should not go away empty-handed. She had seen from the first that there was beauty lurking under the rags and grime, but now some expression of the watchful face struck upon her and carried her back to a painful crisis in her own life fifteen years before.

"What is your name, my girl?"  
"Carine, please'm."

"Carine!" A sudden comprehension came upon her like a shock as she gazed into the eyes of this, her unknown namesake. She put out her hand and the strong, white fingers closed in an almost cruel grasp on the little brown wrist. "What else?"

Carine Dering Ayre, please'm," she faltered, in affright. "Don't, please. I can't help it. I dunno what I've done to make you mad with me."

Still Miss Dering held her fast despite her struggles for release, but the lady's face had regained its usual stony calm.

"You are Carine Dering Ayre," she said, while something like a thrill of exultance disturbed the low, smooth tones. "Your mother is sick and poor—so poor that a dollar is an irresistible temptation to her child. What of your father?" the question dragged as it were over her reluctant lips.

"He's dead," said the small Carine, placidly, "ever so long ago."

Another shock in that repetition. The opening door disturbed the silence which fell after that.

"Let the carriage be brought to the door," Miss Dering ordered. "Tell Delphine to bring my wraps. I am going with you to your home, child. Barbara, take her to the kitchen and give her a meal while I prepare."

Not until they were gone did Miss Dering rise, with the aid of the velvet-cushioned crutch which stood by her chair, and then the red flush of pain and humiliation surged over her cold, pale face.

In the squalid room of a tenement house a woman lay dying! Alone and dying! The mortuary pallor had crept under the thin, poor skin until the very lips were blue and chill; but the only earthly longing sufficient to that end was holding the weary spirit back. At fitful intervals she would rouse up and look about her eagerly, with a murmur of "Carine, Carine!" subsiding in a broken prayer, as the heavy lids weighed down until the black lashes lay without a quiver against the sunken cheeks.

There was a movement without; the unusual sound of rustling silks, and the scurrying steps for which her failing senses watched burst into the room.

"The lady has come to see you, mother," cried little Carine, eagerly. "Wake up!"

"This," said the clear, vibrant voice, which had the ring of triumph in it—"this is Mrs. Lucien Ayre. And this, Bernice, is where love and happiness has brought you!"

"Carine!" the fading eyes lit with a sudden light. "Oh, Carine! Heaven must have heard my prayer and sent you. Promise me—promise me to see that my child is provided for when I am gone."

"It is very little to ask from me, Bernice, who once claimed her father and mother as the two dearest friends I had on earth. Did you know I saved her life a few weeks ago? I have questioned the wisdom of the dead while I thought of her only as one who must some day bear a woman's pangs and disappointments. I can bear my own cross knowing it was her mother's daughter I saved—a daughter with the promise of her mother's beauty to bloom in time. I repeat, it is little to ask from one who loved you as a sister, who worshipped Lucien Ayre as a god, rather than a man. Can you imagine how I felt when accidentally revealed to me that my betrothed lover, who would have been my husband in one little month more, and my best friend were alike traitors to my trust? Yet you ask me to befriend your child!"

"Traitors to you!" said the feeble voice; "but we loved each other. You gave us to each other, Carine, of your own free will. We never asked it."

"When I chanced to overhear the charming mutual confessions, could I do otherwise? Could I hold a heart in bondage that beat secretly to another! I wished you as much joy in each other as I found then in my past relations with you as lover and friend. I have a fancy that you found it. The happiness which ends here must have worn itself threadbare long ago. I begin to comprehend that one who was a faithless lover must have been a faithless husband too."

A moan answered that taunt; then, in a hollow whisper, the dying woman faltered forth:

"Judge not. We were punished with misfortunes, and he died. Only for my child, the end would be—peace!"

The mercy which blunts the most poignant anxiety had come to her with that low ebb of life.

A silence fell, and in the midst of it the stony heart which had held its resentment for fifteen long years was melting. Judge not! "Sin is expiated by suffering, and God is merciful!" She had heard Dr. Beresford say that stooping over the bed of a dying wretch, in one of her charitable rounds, and the words were recalled with a new force now.

Where now was the revenge, thought of which she had so long cherished? Where was the triumph of telling to those deafening ears that the child, whose care was the mother's last earthly concern, must go out alone and unfriended into the world?

Faith in the Power that rules the eternal spheres was before her in giving peace, and, humbled and softened, she knelt by the woman who had been both her dearest friend and most hated enemy, and asked forgiveness even as she forgave. How far from blameless she had been she knew by the new light of that deathbed sphere.

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Her bitter cup was drained to the dregs when she saw the love of the man whom she was proud to call her friend go out to the younger Carine.

Her charge was her cross, but it was bravely borne, and through it she was crowned with the glory of pure, womanly submission, pity and tenderness, and charity for all—a crown better than any royal diadem crusted over with "loose gems of powers and pleasures," the perfecting touch to a noble nature in which all bitterness was overcome.

"I take upon myself the charge, Bernice, and may Heaven deal by me as I by her."

She kept her word, and under her protection Carine expanded into a rare loveliness which might have repaid yet greater self-abnegation than Miss Dering displayed in adopting her. Might have!

But once, when Dr. Beresford uttered words of uncommon praise, she shrank from the knowledge of herself which they opened up.

Was it because she had learned a newer love that the old wrongs were easily forgiven?

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